SAWDUST

Vol. III June 1943 No. 6

Two is a crowd

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For
© B. & B.
Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

It's time to clamp down on loose talk!

This Actual Case shows how Rumors delay Vital Work

The Rumor was: In one war plant (insured in the Hartford) many workers were being killed—the number of injuries was frightful.

The facts were: Not one worker had been killed. There were some injuries—but not more than usual in this type of work. But baseless rumors—spreading like wildfire—were making it hard to hire needed men, were lowering morale and were slowing up vital production.

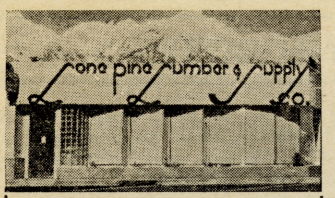
Carelessness in spreading rumors is as dangerous as carelessness on the job, at home or driving cars. Every accident or fire means loss of time, material, manpower that we can't afford to lose.

Be careful—always. Make others be careful. You'll be helping to win the war.

Get expert advice: We can help you to prevent accidents and fires. We can also build a sound insurance program to protect you or your business against serious financial loss.

Keep 'em Flying!

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

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1942 DIRECT TAXES PAID BY THIS SMALL FIRM OPERATING IN AN UNINCORPORATED COUNTRY TOWN. EXCLUSIVE OF SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS OF INDIRECT TAXES INCLUDED IN OUR WHOLESALE COSTS (EXAMPLE: EXCISE TAXES ON ELECTRICAL MERCHANDISE).

U. S. GOVERNMENT	
10 AGENCIES	$12,137.18
STATE OF CALIFORNIA	
8 AGENCIES	$11,952.55
COUNTY OF INYO	
6 AGENCIES	$931.93
TOTAL	$25,021.66
PER WORKING DAY:	$81.50

A Domestic Problem

(Reprinted by Request)

Mr. Woolworth I got complaint
About one can of ten cent paint
And now by Chris, I'm good and sore
My wife she buy from your dam store.

You see last week de spring she come
And everything's he's on da bum
Da walls, da floor and windows too
He's dirt like hell, Sacre Mon Dieu

My wife she's vera clean and neat
So she buy paint for toilet seat.
And wan whole week we watch wid eye
But goddam paint she no get dry.

My wife ain't tall, she's kinda fat
Now you can see just where she sat
She got big ring around complete
Where she sat down on toilet seat.

I say to her, "It serve you right
You try to be so goddam tight!
That ten-cent paint she ain't no good
She won't get dry on no dam wood!

My daughter too get ring around
When on da seat she do sit down.
For wan whole week by Chris we wait
And now we all get constipate.

Wife's got sister, her name Marie.
She live all time in house wid me.
Las' night I look where she sat down
By Gosh, she too, got ring around.

I try to wipe wid turpentine
She howl like wolf, she lose her mind.
I'm scared like hell for half a day,
Da skin come off, da paint she stay.

I live long time but never see
A man what got so mad as me
And when I think about da paint
I get so mad I almost faint.

Now, Mr. Woolworth, I ask you,
What da hell we gonna do?
For how can house be nice and neat
If paint don't dry on toilet seat?

—The Liquid Line.

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Midst of Ruin

The power to tax is the power to destroy.—Chief Justice Marshall.

Welch-er

I note under heading of "Wallpaper" your reference to Rep. Richard J. Welch. I have known Dick Welch for many years most unfavorably...I question how anyone could ever vote for Dick Welch for any office—not even the despised poundman.—R.F., 704 S. Spring St., L. A., Cal.

Fumidity

Was especially interested in... the mail you have received from certain representatives. It is indicative of a type of smokescreen which is easy to emit but not easy to dispel.—John G. Mapes, American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Peglerized

You and Westbrook Pegler!—E. J. Wade, 350 Fifth Ave., New York.

This is the Army

Will be here for the Lord only knows.—Pvt. Jesse Browne, Fort Lewis, Wash.

Esteem

Sure do appreciate your sending SAWDUST. Hope you will send it to my new address.—Sgt. R. J. Smallwood, Camp Gordon, Ga.

Jumbled

My first glance of this cover (March SAWDUST) was a bit confusing. In fact, I thought that the hairy parent was trying to hurdle the plank and that his two heirs apparent were bending it downward preparatory to releasing it with a zip as the old gentleman jumped over it, timing the release so as to slap him in the western hemisphere. Lawson Wood certainly is ingenious in his use of his imagination when it comes to illustrating monkey business.—E. S. Anderson, Hartford, Conn.

Black-balled

Did you see the "plug" Mrs. Roosevelt gave Cemesto recently in her column "My Day"?—A. L. Paulsen, Trona, Cal.

Prudish Sailors

Just received latest issue. Was surprised to find a few jokes which we can use in our Station paper, which would not shock the tender minds of our sailors.—Lt. Geo. W. Savage, Seattle, Wash.

Fogbound

Our good old sunshine will look and feel good when I get back.—Mrs. Bess Mecham, Pasadena, Cal.

Liberators

It is remarkable how the Bureaucrats in Washington come to the rescue of each other.—C. C. Crow, Portland, Ore.

Flaxweed Butter & Eggs

April 1st, Linseed Oil was classified as a food and transferred from the control of the War Production Board to the Food Distribution Administration and usage of same was further curtailed. This cut means a proportionate drop in production, so the (Linoleum) industry will operate until further change at a little over half of its normal output. There is talk now of another cut in Linseed Oil, and if this happens . . .—D. N. & E. Walter & Co., L. A., Cal.

POLITICAL POTPOURRI

Mere Pastime

Mrs. Grace Jackson Englebright has consented to run for Congress. Mrs. Englebright at first thought she would return to her home in Nevada City. But her only son is in the armed forces, and she is practically along with nothing especially to do.—Placer Herald, Auburn, Cal.

Gender Conscious

We are told that she (Mrs. Englebright) is a capable lady, and a willing worker. However, we believe that a man should fill the vacant chair in Congress.—Amador Ledger, Jackson, Cal.

Inheritance

We should like to point out that Mrs. Englebright, if elected, would be the third of that name to have represented the second district in Congress. Her late husband and his father have already served. This has the appearance of making the congressional seat in this district an hereditary one.—Press-Tribune, Roseville, Cal.

Sympathy

We have nothing but a feeling of friendly sympathy for Mrs. Englebright, but we are convinced that the voters of our district should cast their ballots in the coming election on the basis of the merits of the various candidates.—Daily News, Red Bluff, Cal.

Boondoggling

A year has passed since George Plummer McNear, Jr., lost his fight against the Railroad Brotherhoods, and in doing so lost his Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad to Government operation.

Now, from the files of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Railroader McNear has been able to compare the results of Government operation v. his own management. To run the railroad the Government has 48.8% more employes, pays 35.3% more compensation. But with all this the Government has made only 3.3% more train miles than during the last year McNear ran the road. And while the employes worked one hour less than the 8½-hr. day they formerly put in, individually they earn less money—$7.96 per day v. the $8.75 McNear paid them.—Time.

Unlettered Gifters of Gab

A bill submitted to the state legislature would require that all Illinois legislators have a grammar school education. Rep. J. S. Munday, author of the bill, said that in the past ten years two members of the legislature could neither read nor write.—United Press.

Mentioned

One man mentioned immediately was Republican Rudie Henderson of Lone Pine, the man who made a determined, spectacular, and highly successful campaign for Englebright's job in the election last fall.—Siskiyou Daily News, Yreka, Cal.

Rude Reminder

We think any candidate for any legislative office should present a plan of some kind for the peace that follows the war.—Nugget, Nevada City, Cal.

Sun Beams

We were among the first to hope publicly that Mrs. Englebright would be a candidate and we are happy to be able, in our own small way, to assist in her election wherever and whenever we can.—Sierra Sun, Truckee, Cal.

Wallpaper

Introducing the newest addition to our staff: "Whispering Slim" Honerlah...11,400 feet above the level of the sea on the east slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in Inyo County, the United States Vanadium Corporation operates a mine and mill to produce the largest output of war-critical tungsten in the world. In addition to tungsten, several other metals are recovered—molybdenum, copper, silver, and some gold. Mining is carried on both in tunnel and open-pit operations. A description of the building of this modern plant high up in the mountains, the overcoming of problems of year-round transportation to and from the mine and mill, and operating methods provide an unusually interesting story in the May-June issue of "The Explosives Engineer." Photographs were by Curtis Phillips of Bishop...Wartime fashion note: the latest thing in men's clothing —women...Life's little tragedy: Biking to and from the office brought to a halt by the borrowing of our bicycle by a neighbor youngster who parked it in front of an automobile...Ohio's Gov. Bricker has been given the kiss of death in our opinion, by Hearst's ballyhooing him for the presidency ...Beware! Your policy with our companies is the best insurance you can buy. Think twice before you allow any person to influence you to change your policy to some other company; as the only one to benefit by such a change would be the other fellow—not you...OPA personnel regulate prices on items without proper nomenclature. May 3rd amendment no. 3 to MPR 222 identifies dimension lumber as "merchantable piece stuff," "no. 2 piece stuff," etc. We must admit that the quality some of the mills produce might well be termed "stuff"...Home life is a bit more difficult. The recent school election proved that one Henderson can get elected to something or other...Generous Uncle Sam is now going to use a part of the money he borrows from us to help us pay for our butter. Good old Uncle, he is always thinking up ways to make us happy. There are times however, when we wish the old rascal would worry a little more about his own credit...G. W. Dow recently received a bill for $400.00, bearing cash discount of $102.00. Not bad, if he owed it... Today's Huey Long, Senator Happy Chandler bellows that we will eventually be fighting the Japs alone. So what?...Recommended reading: "To Mr. Chinnus, Greeting:" in the May 22nd Saturday Evening Post...Scoop Thurman's Colfax Record prints a letter from a soldier demanding that home folks plank down more than 10% for war bonds as this is no longer a ten-percent war. We had a feeling the 40% we planked down for income tax was for the war...Guy W. Immel, who pioneered Western Union in Lone Pine, is now Santa Fe Trailways Terminal Manager at Merced...Random thought: Wonder what became of that childhood sweetheart, Zelma Fugate?... Jimmy-the-Red, aged 5, recently publicly corrected his Norwegian grandmother's pronunciation of orange-juice...Rare merchandise still in hand: Automatic floor furnace and garden hose...The Mt. Whitney Pool & Poker Palace Deluxe, was recently sans cheroots. That really brings the war home ...Nomination for perennial shining countenance: Tillie Bellas... Dismal use of unfettered journalism was the May 28th cartoon in the L. A. Examiner...We'll bet there's a certain Lone Pine wife who doesn't know her husband

recently lost a $100 wager to a local automobile dealer. Furthermore, he paid off... Pet peeve: Engaged in a difficult long distance telephone conversation when somebody breaks in on the line and starts dialing... Speaking of telephones, we have been accused of hanging-up the receiver on a few of our good friends. When our secretary answers and calls one of us to another telephone that click is merely the receiver on her phone ... Recent distinguished visitors included G. O. Fogleman, So. Cal. Manager of the California Door Company; H. D. Hellmers, Supt. of West End Chemical Co.; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bishop of Twentieth Century Fox; John Payne, screen star, now in the Army Air Corps at Manzanar; Irving G. Bishop of Los Angeles; personable Jean-Marie Putnam; and Louis Shapiro, Location Manager for RKO... We were also pleased to have Lieut. George W. Savage and Major Roy French with us briefly... Without benefit of inside information we'll bet Manzanar will be a German or Italian prison camp before the year is out... They tell us a local individual was a bit annoyed in a recent friendly poker game when he counted the cards and found 58 in the deck... Sitting in on a dedication steak convinced us that Hazel Giggey and Ruth Martin are barbecue-pit architects and builders of rare capabilities... Ralph Vellom confession: "Geez that wind is cold. My wife told me to wear a sweater, but I was smart, and didn't!"... Most of these modern girls have Santa Claus beaten all hollow when it comes to filling stockings... To which might be added that some girls' dresses are like barbed wire. They protect the property without obstructing the view... Enjoyable social evening recently was guest of Mrs. Isobel Hutton at the Top-20 Club. We muscled in on Bert Henry's butter at dinner before we were aware that each was required to bring his own. As usual, Pinochle King Jim Mills walked off with top honors ... Which reminds us that Jim Mills was recently hanging in the ice box digging out a Coca Cola for us when the lid came down and abruptly caressed him on the bean. We don't know how the lid felt, but Jim's conk ached for two days... If you are wattage conscious, the U. S. Vanadium's cookhouse has an electric oven that uses a mere 18,000... Required reading for the month: "Reader's Digest" lead article in the June issue on the International Typographical Union... Jimmy-the-Red cast an eye on the stacked cartons of insulating rock wool in front of the Lone Pine Hospital and opined that was a lot of bandages for such a small place... Thoughtful gift was that by Mrs. Laura Burkhardt in her presentation of 25 song-books, "America Sings," to the Women's Trinity Auxiliary... We nominate Prof. Bill Bauer's bang-up job as tops in the long string of principals at the Lone Pine High School... This year's graduation exercises were as puerile as they come. A speaker who has a message that he must read isn't worth our time trying to remember. So we spent the time trying to find typographical errors in the program (there were none) and trying to figure out what might be in the minds of the bawling babies... John L. Lewis should certainly be thankful he isn't in Europe doing the same thing he is doing in America... Lloyd Davies, formerly of Independence, is now a Los Angeles councilman... We had no part in the dumping of all that trash and debris in the rear of our warehouse. We cite it as a nice site for such an elegant sight... She was just an eye-doctor's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself...

Editor-Leaves-Town

Tomorrow will be cloudy and warmer, probably ending in rain or cloudy, rain or snow, clear, cloudy, rain or snow, clear, etc.

—Newark, N. J., News

That's hitting it right on the head!

For sheer tricks, fight and stamina, give me a small-mouth lass at sundown, any time.

—Northwest Organizer.

Yessirree, we'll take the same!

Everybody knows now where Mr. Barbour will stand when he takes his seat.

—The Nation.

Oh, yeah—where?

After a wedding reception at Sherry's, the bridegroom left on a honeymoon.

—Boston, Mass., Post.

Hey, didn't you forget something?

Sprinkle a mixture of half borax and half sugar on the shelves. This will poison every aunt that finds it.

—Norwich, Conn., Bulletin.

Say, that's a good idea.

Miss Dorothy _____, who is in St. Joseph's hospital, is covered sufficiently for friends to see her.

—Morristown, S.D., News

Darn those long sheets, anyway!

Wanted—To Trade—two pair of long drawers for one-gallon ice cream freezer.

—Woodbury, Ark., Gazette.

Spring has come to Arkansas.

The beautiful deb was attired in an imported creation of jade-green crepe trimmed with ecru lace around the punch bowl.

—Beacon, N.Y., paper.

What they won't wear nowadays!

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
June — 1928

Three lives were lost and several injured in flood caused by landslide on Big Pine Creek...Mr. G. A. Mates was appointed local agent for General Electric Refrigerators...Victor Taylor, Peter Olivas and Richard Carrasco participated in the Southwest Olympic Games Trials in Los Angeles... High School graduates numbered two: Victor Taylor and Jack Bunn ...U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey alloted additional funds of $1,500.00 for improvement to the Mt. Whitney trail...5% dividend was distributed to creditors of the defunct Inyo County Bank...Nelson Bartlett of Boston, Mass., succeeded Nelson B. Clark as president of the Clark Chemical Co....Miss Bernice Lubken and Mr. William Bonham were married...William Young successfully organized Lone Pine Aero Club with 14 charter members...Death Valley Scotty and Eva Mudge spent two days in Lone Pine...Amos P. Hancock, Charles Brown, W. V. Butler and Gustave F. Marsh, Jr., announced candidacies as county supervisors ...Wm. Fox Film Company was on location with 45 members of whom 15 were ladies. Rex Bell was the featured player in "The Cyclone Lover"...Born June 21 at Lone Pine Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Henderson, a son...Norval Aigner, aged 13, and his hired man, Frank Lasky, aged 12, opened soft drink stand in competition to one Leslie Boyd, an astute business man of some 14 summers. The Aigner-Lasky Corporation had an edge on the market as two of the wheels on their wagon were painted a brilliant red.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE MONTH

I know you will come back to me. I've never doubted that, ever!

And when you do come back, you will find, just as you left them, everything your letters tell me you hold dear. I will be wearing the same blue dress I wore the day you went away. And on my arm the silver bracelet you gave me last April on our anniversary.

And, waiting for you, the children will be first to hear the sound of your step on the walk, and the quick way that you and only you open and shut the old white gate.

How they will run to greet you, far out-racing my own swift step, meeting you with shouts and laughter, before I have even reached the door!

Inside, in the living room, you'll find your easy chair, your footstool and your slippers, just as they always were each night before you went to war.

When you come back to me, you will find nothing changed. Those at home promise that. Here in your town, your children are still free to sleep and laugh and play...still free to look to the sky, clear-eyed and unafraid.

Our house still stands, white and lovely as it always was, and down the street the maples march straight and tall, unwithered by the heat of war! And every Sunday, steeple bells still ring and in our church we still sing hymns to God.

I've told the children, and I tell myself, this is what you're fighting for! These are the big and little things worth waiting for. The things that make our lives worth living, that make this war worth winning.

We are so proud of you.

Proud that you are making sure that hate and greed and tyranny will never rise to threaten us again.

And we are proud to make our own sacrifices, knowing that they will help to bring you back to us sooner.

Back home to the same town, to the same job you liked so much ...to the same America we have always known and loved...where you can work and plan and build ...where together we can do the things we've always dreamed of ...where we and our children are free to make our lives what we want them to be...where there are no limits on any man's, or any woman's, or any child's opportunity.

You've said, "That's the America I want when I come back...don't change that, ever...don't let anyone tamper with a way of living that works so well."

Never fear, darling—that's the way we ALL want it.

Everything will be here, just as you left it, just as you want it... when you come back to me!

—Nash Kelvinator Corp.

—SD—

Some telephone linemen were working outside Aunt Sophie's house and she didn't like the language they used. She told the company about it and they demanded an explanation.

The foreman reported:

"All dat happened wus, me and Butch went to de top of de pole. Spike was down below. We happened to drop some hot lead down his neck. Spike looked up and sed, 'Really, boys, you must be more careful'."

Behind the Bandsaw—

Mule in a barnyard
Feelin' sick?
Boy with a pin
On the end of a stick.
Kid jabbed the mule,
Mule made a lurch;
Services Monday
At the Methodist Church.

—SD—

Cannibal King: "What we got for lunch today?"

Chef: "Two old maids."

Cannibal King: "Ugh, left-overs again!"

—SD—

A farmer took a pig to town and sold it. With the proceeds he bought an entire new outfit—suit, shirt, sox, shoes and underclothes. Then he climbed into his wagon, tucked the new clothes in a bundle under the seat, and started to drive home.

"Giddap, Dobbin. Let's get home and surprise my wife."

On his way he stopped at a river, took off his old clothes and threw them into the water. He watched while they floated away, then looked under the seat for his bundle. It was gone.

So he climbed into the wagon and said, "Giddap, Dobbin. We'll surprise her anyway."

—SD—

Irate Wife to Hubby: "John, you'll have to send your uncle home. I won't live in a house with a man who knows so many dirty songs."

John: "Does he sing them right before you?"

Irate Wife: "No, but he's always whistling them."

—SD—

Every year college deans pop the question, "Why did you come to college?"

Last year, one co-ed confided, "I came here to be went with, but I ain't yet."

A soldier on duty in Egypt received a letter from his wife saying there wasn't an able-bodied man she could hire anywhere, and she was going to dig the garden herself.

Her husband wrote at the beginning of his next letter: "Please don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are hidden."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a van load of soldiers arrived at the house and dug up the garden from end to end. The wife wrote to her husband in desperation, saying that she didn't know what to do, as the soldiers had dug up the whole garden plot.

Her husband's reply was short and to the point: "Now you can put in the spuds."

—SD—

Doctor (inquiring after a boy who had swallowed a half dollar): "And how is the patient today?"

Anxious Mother: "No change yet, Doctor."

—SD—

She: "Stop it. Now, stop it I said. Stop! Stop!"

He: "Shut up, or I will."

—SD—

A farmer came home suddenly from town and found the hired man in the house kissing his wife. The embarrassed farm hand packed his suit-case and started to leave.

"Where you goin'?" inquired the farmer.

"Goin' into town. You don't want me to stay any longer after what's happened, do you?"

"Don't you worry about that, Ed," replied the old man, "you put your grip back in the bunk-house, an' if you an' me can't love 'er enough, by gum, I'll hire another man!"

669 HOME IDEAS

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113 pages packed full of ideas...ideas...ideas

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THEY'RE IN LOVE AGAIN—

● When first married, they were madly in love—but that was before their roof leaked—before their furniture, drapes and ceilings were damaged—before repair bills were excessive. That little leak in the roof caused a rift in the family. Now they're in love all over again because hubby got wise, came to us, re-roofed his house with Celotex Asphalt Shingles—saved money too—now all's dry and protected within. All's lovely and new without—and love is no longer distracted. Fall in love again this easy way with

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The Mark of a Good Roof

Value of your household goods	**$00000**
Amount of Insurance carried on them	**$00000**
BALANCE not covered by Insurance	**$00000**

AND SO YOU WERE MARRIED!

This is a frank chat with John and Jane, or Bill and Bernice, or Charlie and Clarissa—or whatever your friends call you.

Possibly you married on the proverbial shoe-string—perhaps you had enough to nicely furnish a honeymoon flat—a new bungalow—or whatever you first delighted in calling home. Anyway, you married!

We all do it. And we are all rather well satisfied with a modest minimum to furnish the home. Yet, as the months and years go by, we add to our original furnishings and equipment as well as personal effects.

The value of these additional things mounts up—it increases sizably. Right now the replacement value of many of the articles you own has gone up considerably, too. But possibly the amount of your insurance has been unchanged.

So just a word to you Johns, Bills and Charlies and to your Janes, Bernices, and Clarissas: We find that even in normal times most people carry too little insurance on their household goods and we know that right now, with replacement costs so high, a lot of you folks are way underinsured. Better take stock of your own situation and see us about it.